A Nightmare Yankee

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Bill Meacham, private —th Pennsylvania infantry, escaped prisoner of war, stood at the edge of a wood looking at a house standing in the center of a plantation. Bill's stomach was as empty as a haversack at the end of a two weeks' campaign, and he was wondering if he dare go to the house and ask for something to eat. Would he rather starve or run the risk of going back to that frightful prison pen? Then he looked himself over. He had no head covering whatever, and the last time his hair had been combed was before the fight in which he had been captured three months agone. Half a leg of his trousers was missing as well as the right sleeve of his coat and a part of the left sleeve. As to the coat's skirt, it hung in rag festoons. One old rubber shoe and a bit of blanket constituted his foot covering. It was not danger alone that caused him to hesitate. It was pride.

However, hunger conquered both pride and prudence, and he went to the house. Passing through a flower garden, he suddenly came upon a girl making up a bouquet. On seeing Bill she dropped a pair of big scissors, giving a slight scream at the same time. Bill's hand naturally went up to his head; but, not finding any hat there to doff deferentially, he attempted to propitiate the girl with an admiring smile. It produced an effect similar to that of a dirty faced grinning skeleton. The girl shrank back.

"Don't be afraid of me," pleaded Bill. "I'm harmless, quite harmless." He paused a moment to arrest the ravage of a grayback. "I might as well own up that I'm an escaped prisoner of war."

"A Yankee!"

"Yes, a Yankee, but not a dangerous one just now unless for vermin, and I'd be ever so obliged if you'd give me a bit of corn pone or something to keep me from starving."

Bill's tone was sad, and by this time the girl began to take in the pitiful situation. She was very young and her sympathies easily touched. She stood for a moment thinking, then said:

"We're all loyal to the south up at the house, and if you go there we'd have to give you up. Get under that rosebush, where you will not be seen, and I'll bring you something."

Bill gave her a grateful look, which, though grewsome, didn't frighten her so much this time. She went toward the house, and he crawled under the bush. Presently she came back with some scraps she had gathered from the breakfast table rolled in a napkin, gave them to Bill and told him he'd better be off. Bill, in his gratitude forgetting himself, advanced to clasp her hand, but she darted back with a bit of a shriek, then, seeing that she had hurt his feelings, said:

"It isn't you I'm afraid of; it's the vermin."

Well, Bill backed away from her so as not to show the remains of his protruding shirt tail and went on his way.

When the war ended Bill got a commission in the regular army. During the administration of President Grant he was on duty in Washington, which meant that he lounged most of the day and attended social functions in the evening. It was not long before he married the daughter of a southern congressman, and a very happy match he made.

One morning he kissed his wife and went to his office in the war department, as usual. About 11 o'clock Mrs. Meacham was informed by a maid that there was a tramp at the door who insisted on seeing the lady of the house. "But I wouldn't advise you to go down; he's the worst lookin' beast I ever saw." Mrs. Meacham sent the maid back to tell the man that she was busy, and the maid returned with the information that the man was bound to see the lady, and if she didn't come down he would go up. If there had been telephones in these days Mrs. Meacham would have called the police. But telephones had not yet been invented, and there was no man in the house. Mrs. Meacham finally determined to go down. There in the hall stood the tramp. He wore no hat on his uncombed hair, but little more than half of his clothing was available, one foot was incased in a piece of blanket, the other in a rubber shoe. Mrs. Meacham's terror was somewhat mollified by seeing one or two brass buttons on his coat.

"My husband is in the war department," she gasped. "Go to him. He'll provide for you and see that you are taken care of by the government."

The man suddenly put his hand to his hair and clinched something.

"For heaven's sake," cried the lady, "don't bring vermin into this house! Go away! Call on Major Meacham. He'll attend to your case."

"It's hard lines," whined the tramp, "when a man can't get a crust in his own house."

"Good gracious, ma'am," exclaimed the maid, "he's mad!"

The tramp looked at Mrs. Meacham and smiled, a horrible grin which, once seen, would never be forgotten. "Don't you remember the Yankee you fed one day in the flower garden down in Dixie?"

Yes, Mrs. Meacham remembered him. She had never forgotten him.

"Oh, heavens," she wailed, "have I married that horrible nightmare of a Yankee? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you! How would I have ever got you if I had?"

Major Meacham did not kiss his wife again till he had had a Turkish bath. ELBERT T. BENTLEY.

After refusing to marry a man a woman is disappointed if he doesn't visit a booze emporium and try to drown his disappointment.

When a woman means "yes" her "no" is not strenuous.

THE MAKING OF A NEW YORKER

By O. HENRY.

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BESIDES many other things, Raggles was a poet. He was called a tramp, but that was only an elliptical way of saying that he was a philosopher, an artist, a traveler, a naturalist and a discoverer. But, most of all, he was a poet. In all his life he never wrote a line of verse. He lived his poetry. His Odyssey would have been a limerick had it been written. But, to linger with the primary proposition, Raggles was a poet.

Raggles' specialty had he been driven to ink and paper would have been sonnets to the cities. He studied cities as women study their reflections in mirrors, as children study the glue and sawdust of a dislocated doll, as the men who write about wild animals study the cages in the zoo. A city to Raggles was not merely a pile of bricks and mortar peopled by a certain number of inhabitants. It was a thing with a soul characteristic and distinct, an individual conglomeration of life, with its own peculiar essence, flavor and feeling. Two thousand miles to the north and south, east and west Raggles wandered in poetic fervor, taking the cities to his breast. He footed it on dusty roads or sped magnificently in freight cars, counting time as of no account. And when he had found the heart of a city and listened to its secret confession he strayed on, restless, to another. Fickle Raggles! But perhaps he had not met the civic corporation that could engage and hold his critical fancy.

Through the ancient poets we have learned that the cities are feminine. So they were to Poet Raggles, and his mind carried a concrete and clear conception of the figure that symbolized and typified each one that he had wooed.

Chicago seemed to swoop down upon him with a breezy suggestion of Mrs. Partington, plumes and patchouli, and to disturb his rest with a soaring and beautiful song of future promise. But Raggles would awake to a sense of shivering cold and a haunting impression of ideals lost in a depressing aura of potato salad and fish.

Thus Chicago affected him. Perhaps there are vagueness and inaccuracy in the description, but that is Raggles' fault. He should have recorded his sensations in magazine poems.

Pittsburg impressed him as the play of "Othello" performed in the Russian language in a railroad station by Dockstader's minstrels. A royal and generous lady this Pittsburg, though, homely, hearty, with flushed face, washing the dishes in a silk dress and white kid slippers and bidding Raggles sit before the roaring fireplace and drink champagne with his pig's feet and fried potatoes.

New Orleans had simply gazed down upon him from a balcony. He could see her pensive, starry eyes and catch the flutter of her fan, and that was all. Only once he came face to face with her. It was at dawn, when she was flushing the red bricks of the banquette with a pail of water. She laughed and hummed a chansonnette and filled Raggles' shoes with ice cold water. Allons!

Boston construed herself to the poetic Raggles in an erratic and singular way. It seemed to him that he had drunk cold tea and that the city was a white, cold cloth that had been bound tightly around his brow to spur him to some unknown but tremendous mental effort. And, after all, he came to shovel snow for a livelihood, and the cloth, becoming wet, tightened its knots and could not be removed.

Indefinite and unintelligible ideas, you will say, but your disapprobation should be tempered with gratitude, for these are poets' fancies—and suppose you had come upon them in verse!

One day Raggles came and laid siege to the heart of the great city of Manhattan. She was the greatest of all, and he wanted to learn her note in the scale, to taste and appraise and classify and solve and label her and arrange her with the other cities that had given him up the secret of their individuality. And here we cease to be Raggles' translator and become his chronicler.

Raggles landed from a ferryboat one morning and walked into the core of the town with the blase air of a cosmopolite. He was dressed with care to play the role of an "unidentified man." No country, race, class, clique, union, party, clan or bowling association could have claimed him. His clothing, which had been donated to him piecemeal by citizens of different height, but same number of inches around the heart, was not yet as uncomfortable to his figure as those specimens of raiment, self measured, that are railroaded to you by transcontinental tailors with a suit case, suspenders, silk handkerchief and pearl studs as a bonus. Without money, as a poet should be, but with the ardor of an astronomer discovering a new star in the chorus of the Milky way or a man who has seen ink suddenly flow from his fountain pen, Raggles wandered into the great city.

Late in the afternoon he drew out of the roar and commotion with a look of dumb terror on his countenance. He was defeated, puzzled, discomfited, frightened. Other cities had been to him as long primer to read, as country maidens quickly to fathom, as send-price-of-subscription-with-answer rebuses to solve, as oyster cocktails to swallow, but here was one as cold, glittering, serene, impossible as a four carat diamond in a window to a lover outside fingering damply in his pocket his ribbon counter salary.

The greetings of the other cities he had known—their homespun kindliness, their human gamut of rough charity, friendly curses, garrulous curiosity and easily estimated credulity or indifference. This city of Manhattan gave him no clew. It was walled against him. Like a river of adamant, it flowed past him in the streets. Never an eye was turned upon him. No voice spoke to him. His heart yearned for the clap of Pittsburg's sooty hand on his shoulder, for Chicago's menacing but social yawp in his ear, for the pale and eleemosynary stare through the Bostonian eyeglass, even for the precipitate but unmalicious boot toe of Louisville or St. Louis.

On Broadway Raggles, successful suitor of many cities, stood, bashful, like any country swain. For the first

He experienced the poignant humiliation of being ignored.

time he experienced the poignant humiliation of being ignored. And when he tried to reduce this brilliant, swiftly changing, ice cold city to a formula he failed utterly. Poet though he was, it offered him no color, no similes, no points of comparison, no flaw in its polished facets, no handle by which he could hold it up and view its shape and structure, as he familiarly and often contemptuously had done with other towns. The houses were interminable ramparts loopholed for defense; the people were bright but bloodless specters passing in sinister and selfish array.

The thing that weighed heaviest on Raggles' soul and clogged his poet's fancy was the spirit of absolute egotism that seemed to saturate the people as toys are saturated with paint. Each one that he considered appeared a monster of abominable and insolent conceit. Humanity was gone from them. They were toddling idols of stone and varnish, worshiping themselves and greedy for, though oblivious of, worship from their fellow graven images. Frozen, cruel, implacable, impervious, cut to an identical pattern, they hurried on their ways like statues brought by some miracles to motion, while soul and feeling lay unaroused in the reluctant marble.

Gradually Raggles became conscious of certain types. One was an elderly gentleman with a snow white, short beard, pink, unwrinkled face and stony, sharp blue eyes, attired in the fashion of a gilded youth, who seemed to personify the city's wealth, ripeness and frigid unconcern. Another type was a woman, tall, beautiful, clear as a steel engraving, goddess-like, calm, clothed like the princesses of old, with eyes as coldly blue as the reflection of sunlight on a glacier. And another was a byproduct of this town of marionettes—a broad, swaggering, grim, threateningly sedate fellow, with a jowl as large as a harvested wheatfield, the complexion of a baptized infant and the knuckles of a prize fighter. This type leaned against cigar signs and viewed the world with frapped contumely.

A poet is a sensitive creature, and Raggles soon shriveled in the bleak embrace of the undecipherable. The chill, sphinx-like, ironical, illegible, unnatural, ruthless expression of the city left him downcast and bewildered. Had it no heart? Better the wood pile, the scolding of vinegar faced housewives at back doors, the kindly spleen of bartenders behind provincial free lunch counters, the amiable truculence of rural constables, the kicks, arrests and happy-go-lucky chances of the other vulgar, loud, crude cities than this freezing heartlessness.

Raggles summoned his courage and sought alms from the populace. Unheeding, regardless, they passed on without the wink of an eyelash to testify that they were conscious of his existence. And then he said to himself that this fair but pitiless city of Manhattan was without a soul, that its inhabitants were manikins moved by wires and springs and that he was alone in a great wilderness.

Raggles started to cross the street. There was a blast, a roar, a hissing and a crash as something struck him and hucled him over and over six yards from where he had been. As he was coming down like the stick of a rocket the earth and all the cities thereof turned to a fractured dream.

Raggles opened his eyes. First an odor made itself known to him, an odor of the earliest spring flowers of paradise. And then a hand soft as a falling petal touched his brow. Bending over him was the woman clothed like the princess of old, with blue eyes, now soft and humid with human sympatny. Under his head on the pavement were silks and furs. With Raggles' hat in his hand and with his face pinker than ever from a vehement burst of oratory against reckless driving stood the elderly gentleman who personified the city's wealth and ripeness. From a nearby cafe hurried the byproduct with the vast jowl and baby complexion, bearing a glass full of a crimson fluid that suggested delightful possibilities.

"Drink this, sport," said the byproduct, holding the glass to Raggles' lips.

Hundreds of people huddled around in a moment, their faces wearing the deepest concern. Two flattering and gorgeous policemen got into the circle and pressed back the overplus of Samaritans. An old lady in a black shawl spoke loudly of camphor; a newsboy slipped one of his papers beneath Raggles' elbow where it lay on the muddy pavement. A brisk young man with a notebook was asking for names.

A bell clanged importantly, and the ambulance cleaned a lane through the crowd. A cool surgeon slipped into the midst of affairs.

"How do you feel, old man?" asked the surgeon, stooping easily to his task. The princess of silks and satins wiped a red drop or two from Raggles' brow with a fragrant cobweb.

"Me?" said Raggles, with a seraphic smile. "I feel fine."

He had found the heart of his new city.

In three days they let him leave his cot for the convalescent ward in the hospital. He had been in there an hour when the attendants heard sounds of conflict. Upon investigation they found that Raggles had assaulted and damaged a brother convalescent—a glowering transient whom a freight train collision had sent in to be patched up.

"What's all this about?" inquired the head nurse.

"He was runnin' down me town," said Raggles.

"What town," asked the nurse.

"Noo York," said Raggles.

The Evening Sun—10c a Week.

READ THIS STORY

if you are ambitious to increase your efficiency, your earnings, your net profits.

In five years, more than 36,500 men, chiefly Salesmen, have adopted the success-producing methods here described—they have studied the Science of Salesmanship. Will you pass up the opportunity of learning about the system that has helped so many others?

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The man with this big idea was Arthur Frederick Sheldon. His idea and the use he has made of it has earned him a national reputation as a business educator.

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Arthur Frederick Sheldon had been a salesman for fifteen years before he formulated the Science of Salesmanship.

He learned salesmanship by experience.

He got his training in the good old "college of hard knocks."

Twenty years ago when he was a country school teacher in a backwoods Michigan village, Sheldon listened to a specialty salesman's selling talk with wide-eyed interest.

It was the first one he had ever heard, and it stirred something deep within him. In about two weeks he had dropped the rod and taken to the road,

He was successful almost from the start, and he earned his way through the University of Michigan Law School by working as a salesman during vacations.

Gave Up Law for Salesmanship.

Sheldon did not practice law very long; he had proved himself a real salesman. His former employer wanted him back, and the call to the battle of business was too strong for him to resist. Within a year or two he was made sales manager of the concern. A few years more and he was President and Sales Manager of a publishing house of his own. A little later he had organized two more companies, and was at the head of them.

From the time Mr. Sheldon received his first set of samples it was his ambition to reach the top in his profession.

He realized that in order to do this he must make a thorough study of the subject and reap the benefit ofother men's experience as the student of medicine profits by the experience and research of scientific men through many generations.

When he was studying law he found text books to help him in the mastery of the problems, but he looked in vain for books that would help him and other salesmen to become better salesmen.

Here was the great professionof salesmanship, practiced by hundreds of thousands of men, absolutely without a literature of its own!

No Study-Books for Salesmen.

A man could not study the principles of salesmanship as he could study the principles of law, engineering or medicine, because no one had ever taken the trouble to formulate and correlate these principles and put them into a definite, usable form.

After long study and observation, Mr. Sheldon's big idea crystallized, and he resolved to undertake the work of formulating the Science of Salesmanship, and of teaching it to others by correspondence.

Most of the people to whom hespoke about his plans for writing and teaching the Science of Salesmanship laughed at it, and said it was impossible. But the Science of Salesmanship was formulated and written, and printed into lesson booklets. After that it was offered for sale—not only offered for sale—it was sold.

In five years this man with the idea has sold more than 36,500 courses in the Science of Salesmanship.

The American business community has paid Sheldon a million and a quarter dollars for his success-building, salary-increasing ideas.

Scientific Basis for Success in Salesmanship—Great Money-Making Opportunities of Salesmen.

Trade rests upon **confidence.** Before a man can sell goods he must **inspire confidence.**

Confidence rests upon **personality.**

Personality depends upon two great foundation stones: First sterling character; Second, good health. These rest upon the bedrock of true education—with emphasis on the word **true.**

True education consists in developing the positive, desirable qualities of the body, the mind and the soul—the qualities which stand for power and efficiency.

Sheldon Students in Demand

Our students are entitled to the free service of our Employment Division. We do not guarantee to get a man a position, but the fact is that Sheldon graduates are in such demand that very few of them ever ask for any help in securing positions. We are prepared, however, to render assistance to graduates and inasmuch as we have on file as a rule three times as many requests for men as we have men seeking positions, we usually have no difficulty in landing an applicant in a place that is satisfactory to him.

Four factors and only four enter into every sale: The **Salesman,** the **Customer,** the **Goods** and the **Sale** itself

The first, the most important thing, therefore, is to make the **salesman** strong, to give him power. This is done by The Sheldon School system of true education, the course of correspondence study being known as the Science of Successful Salesmanship.

A sale is a mental thing or process—the intelligent co-operation of ono mind with another.

A sale is brought about, therefore, not only by technical knowledge alone but by the **power of persuasion**—the ability to **persuade** another to your way of thinking.

And the **power** to persuade is the result of a **masterful personality,** and of that only. Who does not want a masterful personality?

The Sheldon Course develops such a personality, and it does so by teaching six things, as follows:

1. **Character Building**—By pointing out the desirable faculties and qualities of the individual which stand for strength and power, and giving definite, specific methods for developing them.

2. **Health Building**—By teaching how to think right, breathe right, eat right, and exercise right.

3. **Character Reading**—By teaching the outward signs that indicate character—contour of face, expression, tone of voice, emphasis, gesture, etc.

4. **Business Logic**—How to analyze a proposition, and from the analysis build a selling talk that will **sell.**

5. **Business Psychology**—How to bring about **Attention, Interest, Desire** and **Resolve**—the four mental steps in every sale.

6. **General Business Topics**—"Cost with Relation to Selling Price," "System," "Legal Point in Buying and Selling," "Suggestion," "Self-Education" etc.

Big Money for Good Salesmen

Salesmanship is a **profession** and the highest paid of all professions. There is more money in selling than in anything else—**if you can sell.** Salesmen virtually set their own salaries, because they are **producers;** and in proportion as they **produce** are they paid.

On the salesman—the business man—there are no limits set. As he can **produce,** in that proportion can he **take.** Wealth—material power—and all the good things that go with them, await the man who can learn to be a great salesman—the man who can **create** business.

But this wonderful power to create business—this masterful personality that **persuades**—from whence does it come? It comes from the man himself from the development of the latent forces within him. All growth is from within outward. All successful men are men of strong personality. And all normal men have the material out of which to develop strong personality.

The Sheldon School has helped 36,500 men develop their power to persuade.

It can help you if you are willing to receive the help. Just mail the coupon today. You place yourself under no obligation. It costs you nothing to investigate.

Results Count—Ask Any of These Men

Increase Income $25 a Month.

Mr. Theodore W. Price, 56 Woodford street, Owensboro, Kentucky, wrote us a little while back:

"I have added $25 a month to my salary as a result of applying your teachings. I feel that the course would be cheap at ten times the price."

Shows How to Get Confidence.

Mr. Fred W. Powers, a Jeweler and Optician, of Ashland, Kentucky, wrote an inquirer recently as follows:

"I have succeeded greatly since taking the Sheldon Course. It cannot fail to develop the latent energy of any man who will study it and adopt its principles. It will make a bigger, broader, better man of you; it will give you the power of gaining the confidence of others. I am always glad to speak a good word for The Sheldon School."

Interesting and Profitable Study.

Mr. Charles F. Strassner, Sales Manager of the Hoge-Montgomery Shoe Co., Frankfort, Kentucky, says that their salesmen took the course, and all but three are graduates of The Sheldon School, and the Course has been of great practical benefit to them. He writes: "There is no doubt but what the study is beneficial. It is something we all know, but the teachings of the Sheldon School are so forcibly expressed that they cannot fail to interest and improve any salesman who wishes to better his condition."

Mr. Strassner graduated nearly four years ago. You might ask him if he is still of the same opinion.

Helped Build Business.

I have been selling goods for eight years, and I must say your Course has benefited me greatly. It has shown me many weak points and how to eliminate them, and helped me build up business in my territory from $15,000 to $65,000 a year.—J. E. HORTON, Salesman, Graton & Knight Mfg. Co., 282 Lysander Street, Detroit, Mich.

The Sheldon School,

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